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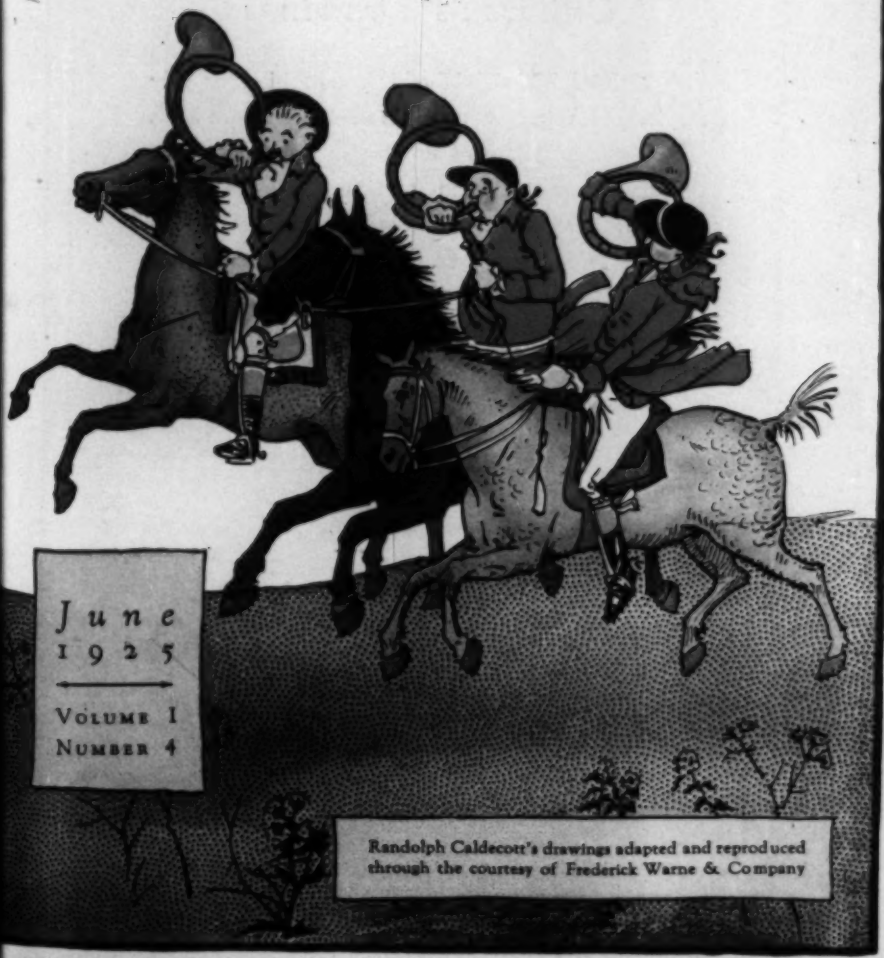

*June*
1925

VOLUME I
NUMBER 4

Randolph Caldecott's drawings adapted and reproduced through the courtesy of Frederick Warne & Company

## SUMMER EXHIBITION

### *Children's Drawings*

ANNOUNCEMENT of this exhibition for July and August was made in the March *Horn Book*. Work will be accepted up to June 15. Out of the drawings now coming in from various parts of the country, those for exhibition will be selected by Mrs. Walter H. Kilham, Mr. Charles Hopkinson, and Charles Hovey Pepper, all well-known names in art circles. The exhibit will open July 8 and continue through August 22.

# THE HORN BOOK

*Volume I* JUNE, 1925 *Number 4*

ELIZA ORNE WHITE, *Her Books for Children*

THE RIDDLE OF THE BOOKSELLER

SOME NEW ENGLAND STORIES AND THEIR AUTHORS, by Eliza Orne White

ADVENTURING ON BEACON HILL, by Margaret Williamson

A FEW BOOKS ABOUT BOSTON, recommended by Alice M. Jordan

SUMMER READING LISTS

ON READING ALOUD, by Anne T. Eaton

ALICE-HEIDI'S SECRETS

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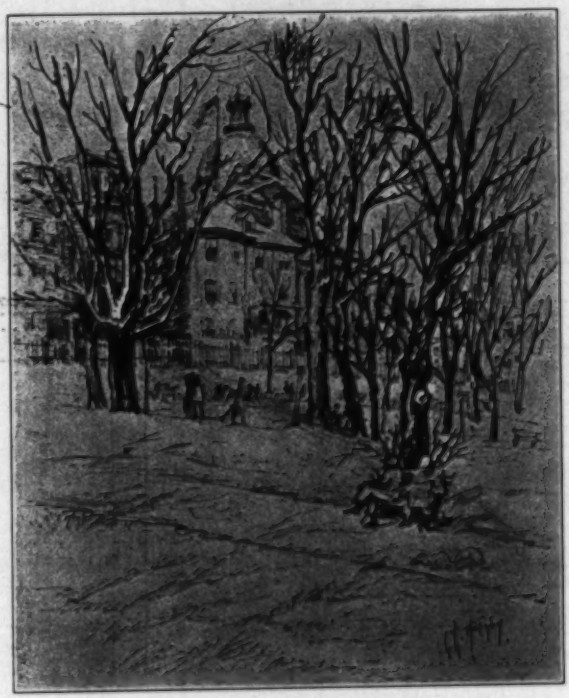


DOME OF THE STATE HOUSE AND SITE OF THE
OLD JOHN HANCOCK HOUSE

THE HORN BOOK

Volume I JUNE, 1925 Number 4

# ELIZA ORNE WHITE

## *Her Books for Children*

MANY children today, as children in every age, suffer and are unhappy on account of the grown-ups who surround them. Yet now, as always, there are many other children so fortunate as to live in homes kept wholesomely tranquil and at the same time pleasantly alive by grown-ups with the faculty for rich and graceful living; grown-ups whose keen interest in the children will protect them as far as possible and as far as is wise from the turbulence of adult life.

This is the kind of home Miss White presents in her stories, and always the scene is New England at its best, sometimes the country town; sometimes the seashore; sometimes Boston or Springfield; but wherever the place, true and natural, with real people, clearly drawn.

Just as "Two Little Confederates," "Uncle Remus," and "A Boy at Gettysburg" preserve for us pictures of another day in the South, so Miss White's "A Little Girl of Long Ago" shows us everyday life in the Boston of 1830, while "The Blue Aunt," "The Strange Year," and "Tony" will preserve for many generations what children were thinking and doing here in the years 1917 and 1918.

Miss White's father, William Orne White, was the grandson of a Salem merchant, the first to send a ship to Brazil from that port. He, himself, sailed to India on the ship *Damariscotta,* after graduating from Harvard, and traveled for two years in Europe and England. Later he was for twenty-seven years a minister in Keene, New Hampshire.

Miss White's mother was Margaret Eliot Harding, a daughter of Chester Harding, the portrait painter. Margaret Harding seems to have had an unusually happy childhood, perhaps partly because of her eight brothers and sisters. When she was four-

teen, she came from Springfield to Mr. George B. Emerson's school in Boston and lived for two years with her lifelong friend, Lucretia Hale. Here she knew young people who became famous later, among them James Russell Lowell, Edward Everett Hale, and William Wetmore Story.

*"Marietta Hamilton" (in real life Margaret Harding, from the portrait painted by her father). Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.*

Now "A Little Girl of Long Ago" is the story of the childhood of Margaret Harding, Miss White's mother, and Miss White writes, "Every adventure therein recorded happened to her, with merely conversations supplied by me. We talked it over, and it is almost more her book than mine." The Harding family go to Scotland to join their father, and it is upon their return journey on the ship *Topaz* that we first meet the little Marietta Hamilton, for so she is called in the story book. She

is then a tiny girl of three-and-a-half, standing on the deck and watching her brother's toy ship as it follows gallantly at the end of a stern rope. Later, when she finds that the small ship is no longer in its place, she trustingly believes that it has gone back to Scotland after sweets, as her mischievous sister suggests, and carries her trust to the point of dropping first her little bucket into the sea to go after the ship, and then when *it* does not return, she drops in her doll "to find the bucket and bring it back full of sugar plums."

The story goes on to tell how Marietta lived with her artist father, her mother, and her brothers and sisters in a house on Beacon Street in Boston, near the spot where the Athenæum now stands. They used to go in bathing where now is the corner of Beacon and Charles Streets, and they played house in the great trees on the Common.

One fine day we find Marietta and her friend Leonora seated at a small mahogany tea table in the northeast corner of the garden, near the asparagus grove and the hollyhocks. The table is set for tea, and the two little girls with their doll families beside them are merrily eating miniature biscuits and tiny sugar cookies. Suddenly Leonora's sleeve brushes against her teacup and sends it flying off the table. Leonora and Marietta stand looking at the broken fragments in mournful silence:

"I wish it had been a coffee cup, there are so few teacups left," said Marietta sadly.

"Seems to me I would wish it hadn't happened at all, if I were wishing," said Leonora. "I'm sure I wish I hadn't been so careless," she added penitently.

"I wouldn't mind, only we can never get any more," said Marietta in a melancholy voice, "never, never. You see, it is Revolutionary china. They don't make such things nowadays."

"Suppose we plant it," suggested Leonora, "and perhaps a whole tree of teacups will come up."

"I never heard of such a thing," said Marietta slowly.

"No? You have never studied Botany as I have. I suppose you know that if you plant an ugly old brown bulb a tall beautiful lily will come up?"

"Yes, of course I know that."

"Do you know what happens to an ugly old cocoon?" demanded Leonora.

"It turns into a beautiful butterfly."

"Is it any more wonderful to have a teacup tree come up if you plant a teacup?"

"I don't know."

"At any rate we will try planting it, and see what happens."

So they planted the broken fragments of the teacup with a great deal of pomp and ceremony, for Leonora said that "as it was a Revolutionary teacup they must do nothing lightly."

Leonora's originality must surely have reminded some readers of "The Peterkin Papers," for Leonora is no other than Lucretia Hale, its author in later life.

Miss White has written another book founded upon fact, "Ednah and Her Brothers," and this, too, is the story of a family of artists. Ednah's father was a sculptor, her mother a painter. This book tells of a real buffalo hunt in a New England town, and Ednah and her brother Donald take a gypsy journey with their father and mother, driving through the mountains of Pennsylvania, and camping at night in the open. They go on a picnic to Nahant; they have a barn theatre, and they spend a delightful winter in New York.

"An Only Child" and "A Borrowed Sister" have two or three incidents in Miss White's own childhood, although Lois is not Miss White, and her surroundings are different. In "An Only Child," Lois Page makes the acquaintance of the new minister, Mr. Morgan and his family, and when her birthday comes, her mother allows her to invite him and one of his daughters to tea. Mr. Morgan arrived with two parcels, one for Lois and one for the General, Lois's cat.

The door was opened from the kitchen, and General Harry Fluff walked forth in all his majesty. He was a large maltese cat, with a white shirt front and a white spot on his nose. He had been very handsome before he was mutilated in battle, and as looking-glasses had not come in his way, he bore himself as if he were very handsome still. The General had an insolent air of indifference, and when Mr. Morgan stooped to stroke his fluffy fur, he walked off in an offended manner. Mr. Morgan took a pinch of catnip and held it out. A change came over the General's stolid face. There was a gleam in his eye and he approached Mr. Morgan with quick steps. Mr. Morgan held the catnip high above the General's head. The animal gave a leap. "This is foolishness," he seemed to say, "but I do want the catnip."

Tony and his twin sister Laura have many nice times with Perry Airedale, the fine dog Lieutenant Perry leaves with them when he goes to California for the winter, and with the children

*Ednah and her brothers, drawn for the story by their artist-mother*
*Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.*

who come to live in the house nearby; and at the seashore when they go to their summer cottage,—on the outskirts of Gloucester; but when Mrs. Copley came to invite Mrs. Marsh

to the dinner for The Invisible Guest at Symphony Hall, and asked Tony and Laura for contributions for the hungry children in Europe, Tony said:

"I'm going to get some skates with my Christmas money." And Laura said, "I've spent mine already, except a little bit I've saved to get a sweater for my best doll."

Mrs. Marsh did not go to the dinner at Symphony Hall, but she and the children had a dinner at home for the Invisible Guest. When the dining-room door was opened,

The children were delighted with what they saw. At the head of the table was the high chair Tony had sat in when he was a tiny boy. This was the place for the Invisible Guest. A candle was burning near it. Next to Laura's place at the table was her own old high chair, and in it sat Geraldine.

"Now we'll pretend that there is a hungry little child sitting at the head of the table," their mother said, as she filled the plate of the Invisible Guest with stew.

"A girl or a boy?" asked Laura.

Mrs. Marsh hesitated for a minute.

"A girl," she said. "A little hungry girl who hasn't any playthings. She hasn't a doll. All she can do is to make believe she has one. She is so hungry," she added, as she filled the cup for the Invisible Guest with cocoa, "that when she sees this bread and cocoa and stew her eyes shine."

"What color are her eyes?" Laura asked.

"Brown. Just about the color of yours. She isn't a bit like you in anything else, for she is very thin."

"How old is she?" Tony asked.

"She will be seven in a few days. Her birthday is in February."

"Just our age," said Laura.

The children ate their own stew and bread and drank their cocoa while they chattered about the Invisible Guest. . . .

"I think it was so nice of you to let Geraldine come to the table," said Laura.

"I thought it might be a good lesson for her, too," said Mrs. Marsh.

"It has been," said Laura. "She has decided to give up having a sweater."

Miss White has written a number of novels as well as the children's books listed below, but I have re-read in recent years only "Winterborough," and that, I know, many girls would enjoy.

Miss White's books for children are written from the rich warp and woof of her own experience and tradition. Like Mrs. Ewing, she writes without condescension, without sentimentality, and with no straining for effect. The complete family picture she presents, and also the neighborhood scene—children and grown-ups in friendly, natural relations—this it is which makes her books so satisfactory to young and old alike. Each character is clear and real. Miss White never spends time describing her people. You know them well by the things they do and say.

One day recently when I visited her at her home in Brookline, I found her house lost in blossoming trees at the top of a short, steep hill. Over the mantel in the hall hung the portrait of the little "Marietta," painted by her father on her ninth birthday in his studio on School Street, Boston, in 1849, reproduced in "A Little Girl of Long Ago," and also in these pages. Miss White spoke of many interesting things, among them that she hopes to write a new story about Joan Morse, the little girl who comes to stay with her grandmother in the book "Tony."

Books for children by Eliza Orne White:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Tony | | $1.75 |
| Peggy in Her Blue Frock | | 1.50 |
| The Strange Year | Ednah and Her Brothers | |
| The Blue Aunt | A Little Girl of Long Ago | |
| A Borrowed Sister | When Molly Was Six | |
| An Only Child | | Each $1.65 |

# THE RIDDLE OF THE BOOKSELLER

THERE will be four quotations in all. The first quotation appeared in the March number of "The Horn Book," and the answers were due May 1. Those who place all the quotations correctly are to choose any book they wish as a prize. Answers to this quotation must be in by August 1. The quotations are taken from well-known writers.

## THE BOOKSELLER'S SECOND QUOTATION

———'s house was a little wooden cottage in the midst of plots of gardens, and the top of it was cut out and painted like a battery mounted with guns.

"My own doing," said ———. "Looks pretty, don't it?"

I highly recommended it. I think it was the smallest house I ever saw; with the queerest gothic windows (by far the greater part of them sham), and a gothic door, almost too small to get in at.

"That's a real flagstaff, you see," said ———, "and on Sundays I run up a real flag. Then look here. After I have crossed this bridge, I hoist it up—so—and cut off the communication. . . ."

"At nine o'clock every night, Greenwich time," said ———, "the gun fires. There he is, you see! And when you hear him go off, I think you'll say he's a Stinger."

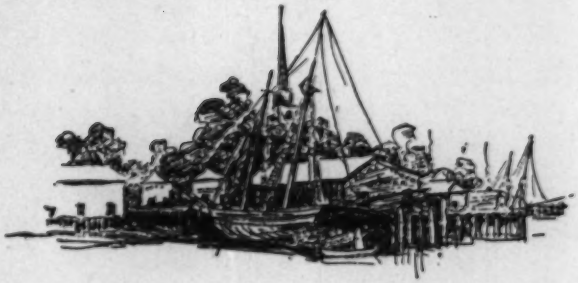
Please address

THE BOOKSHOP FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,
270 Boylston Street, Boston.

(This Contest is open to all ages)

# SOME NEW ENGLAND AUTHORS AND THEIR STORIES

By Eliza Orne White



THE boys and girls of today are more fortunate than the young people of a generation or two ago, because they have such a wealth of attractive new books to read, and they can also draw upon the treasures of the past. It would, however, be hard to equal the interest with which the girls waited for an instalment of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," as it came out in "Our Young Folks," or the boys read a number of "The Story of a Bad Boy," written by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. And perhaps more exciting still was the way in which Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women" touched the hearts and the imaginations of her

*Louisa M. Alcott*
*Through the courtesy of Little, Brown*

young readers. Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy were not merely characters in a book, they were our dear friends. Their joys were our joys, and their sorrows nearly broke our hearts. To create characters as real as one's neighbors down the street is a rare gift, and Miss Alcott's "Little Women" will always be dear to the hearts of girls, because it is so true to what they recognize as real.

*Miss Alcott's Home in Concord—the Scene of "Little Women"*
*Through the courtesy of Little, Brown*

Miss Clara Endicott Sears has restored "Fruitlands" in Harvard, Massachusetts, the house where the Alcotts lived for a year when Louisa was a little girl, and it is filled with memorials of the Alcott family. Miss Sears tells us how the small Louisa used to write poems in company with the philosophers who were living there with her father, and how she used

to sit on a rock overlooking the Merrimac Valley and "think thoughts," as she expresses it in her journal. Afterwards they moved to Concord, Massachusetts, and it was in the house on the Lexington road, next that of Hawthorne's, where she wrote many of her stories. The Alcott house is also filled with interesting relics. A friend tells me that it is a "Mecca for people who loved Louisa's stories when they were young; and they bring their children and grandchildren to see the beloved place."

*Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney*

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney wrote "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," her first story for girls, during the Civil War, and the book went into many editions. Today it still makes a strong appeal, for Faith herself is very lovable, and her great-aunt Faith is so true to the racy type of spinster, so much a part of what was best in New England villages in those days.

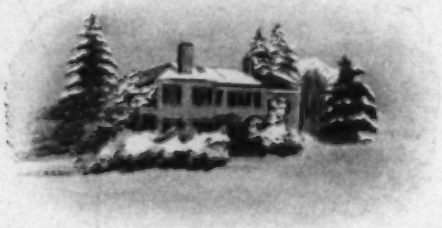
Mrs. Whitney herself must have been a bright and interesting young girl, for we hear of her as a pupil at Mr. George B.

Emerson's school in Boston, "very lively, but a great favorite with Mr. Emerson," a fact which evidently seemed unjust to one of her sober schoolmates, for she added that "Addie Train was the last girl one would ever think would write a book."

A friend tells how her mother, who was a schoolmate of Mrs. Whitney, says she gave the different girls the names of flowers, one girl being the Golden Coreopsis, and another, who was very sensitive, she called Touch-me-not. She must have continued this habit, for we find Leslie Goldthwaite's charming cousin Delight described as follows:

"She made you think at once of nothing so much as Heart's-Ease,—a garden Heart's-Ease. . . . The very face was a pansy face; with its deep, large, purple-blue eyes and golden brows and lashes."

Leslie Goldthwaite is an altogether delightful heroine, about whom any girl from twelve to sixteen will enjoy reading. The story is as fresh and interesting as if it were written today. We love Leslie for her sunny disposition, and for the way in which she makes friends with young and old, and tries to make the summer a happy one for those less fortunate than herself. Her clothes give us a pleasant picture of the dress of those days. One of her costumes was a soft suit of shaded browns and a brown



*The home in which Mrs. Whitney wrote many of her books*

hat trimmed with the breast of a golden pheasant. And after the trunks came that were lost on her first arrival at Jefferson, who can forget Leslie's gray barége dress with the cherry-colored ribbons? True, the girls wore their hair in waterfalls, covered with nets, instead of bobbed, but the hearts of the

wearers have not greatly changed. Mrs. Whitney herself, a friend tells us, was as dainty about her dress as her heroines, although she did not always wear the prevailing fashion.

The long list of Mrs. Whitney's books shows how versatile she was, for besides such books for girls as "The Gayworthys," "We Girls," "The Other Girls," etc., we find two volumes of poems, and a cook-book, "Just How." Her rule for cooking old beets was "forever, which means all the time you have."

She retained her vigor of mind to the end. Her last book, "Biddy's Episodes," was published in 1904, on her eightieth birthday, and it is a bright story, full of her spicy comments on life, and with a most engaging heroine.

One of Mrs. Whitney's schoolmates at Mr. Emerson's school was Lucretia P. Hale, the author of "The Peterkin Papers." She was a lifelong friend of my mother, their acquaintance having begun when Margaret Harding was a little girl of six, at Miss Elizabeth Peabody's school, in Boston, and her bright and imaginative friend was two years and a half older.

She always used to make us a visit of a fortnight in June, and it was on one of these memorable occasions that she told me the story of "Mrs. Peterkin Wishes to go to Drive." It was founded on something that happened to us. We were starting ourselves for a drive, but the horse refused to go, even although the whip was applied, and finally we discovered that he was fastened to the hitching-post. This small incident was the slender thread on which the story hung, and is a good illustration of the way in which Miss Hale wrote her stories. Indeed, there is so much human nature in the Peterkins, that in spite of the amusing exaggerations, we feel, as a witty person said, that "one touch of Peter makes the whole world kin."

"The Last of the Peterkins and Others of Their Kin," published by Little, Brown and Company, although not so well known as "The Peterkin Papers," is an extremely amusing book, for in it Elizabeth Eliza writes her thoughts down in her Commonplace Book. One of her reflections is: "I cannot understand why a man should want to marry his wife's deceased sister. If she is dead, indeed, how can he? And if he has a wife, how wrong! I am very glad there is a law against it."

Elizabeth Eliza's efforts to write a paper for the Circumambient Club are very amusing. After many difficulties she chose the Sun for a subject. She says: "We cannot expect that astronomers should give us any valuable information with regard to the Sun . . . their occupation compelling them to be up at night, it is quite likely that they never see it, for we should not expect them to sit up all day, as well as all night, as, under such circumstances, their lives would not last long."

*Elizabeth Eliza writing her thoughts—*
*"The Last of the Peterkins"*
*Through the courtesy of Little, Brown*

There are some of her best imaginative stories in the back of the book, and her verses, "The First Needle," should have a wide reading. They relate how, in prehistoric times, men were the first to use the needle, and the women thought it would be a fine thing to have it to sew their bearskins together, which were always "dropping around," because insecurely pinned with thorns.

* * * *

"Oh, won't the men let us this new thing use?
If we mend their clothes they can't refuse.
Oh, to sew up a seam for them to see,—
What a treat, a delightful treat, 'twill be!"

* * * *

The men were very unwilling to give up their one needle, but the women said:

"We'll leave them their spears and hatchets of stone,
If they'll give us this thing for our very own.
It will be like a joy above all we could scheme,
To sit up all night and sew such a seam!"

* * * *

An aged crone, who could foresee the future, told them to beware. She says:

"Through this stick with an eye
I look and espy

That for ages and ages you'll sit and you'll sew.
And longer and longer the seams will grow,
And you'll wish you never had asked to sew.

But naught that I say
Can keep back the day;

For the men will return to their hunting and rowing,
And leave to the women forever the sewing."

* * * *

Ah! What are the words of an aged crone,
For all have left her muttering alone;
And the needle and thread they got with such pains,
They forever must keep as dagger and chains.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company have just published a new edition of the Peterkin Papers, in "The Riverside Bookshelf Series," illustrated by Harold M. Brett. In this same series there is Thomas Bailey Aldrich's always delightful "Story of a Bad Boy."

It is interesting to know that most of the events in that fascinating tale have their foundation in fact, although it can hardly make the story seem any more real, for from the moment Tom Bailey greets us to the end of the volume, he is one of our dearest friends. We are thrilled by the burning of the old stage coach in the Fourth of July bonfire, and we are excited over the battle with snow balls at the snow fort. But there is not a page we want to skip, for the tale is told with such humor and in a style so inimitable, that we cannot afford to lose a word of it.

The Nutter House, where Thomas Bailey Aldrich (Tom Bailey) lived as a boy, "has been made familiar to hundreds of thousands of readers." It is one of the show houses of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and much of the original furniture is still to be seen.

Mr. Aldrich must have had a perennial charm, for Mr. Greenslet tells us that in his later years (he lived to be seventy)

he looked "astonishingly young, a habit, as he liked to say, acquired in early youth."

In the "Story of a Bad Boy" we get pleasant glimpses of Portsmouth, there called Rivermouth. Mr. Aldrich says, "The streets are long and wide. Many of the houses have small flower gardens in front, gay in the season with China asters, and are

*Lucretia P. Hale*
*Through the courtesy of Little, Brown*

substantially built, with massive chimney-stacks and protruding eaves. A beautiful river goes rippling by the town, and, after turning and twisting among a lot of tiny islands, empties itself into the sea."

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett also writes of Portsmouth under the name of Riverport. It was here that Betty Leicester stopped to change cars on her journey to her aunts, and, finding the time for the train was changed, she was forced to take the packet boat up the river.

"As they went up from the town the shore grew greener and

greener, and there were some belated apple trees still in bloom, and the farmhouses were so old and stood so pleasantly toward the southern sunshine that they looked as if they might have grown, like the apple trees and willows and elms."

Betty, at fifteen, is as charming a heroine as Leslie Goldthwaite, and she, too, has a happy summer and brightens the lives of all her young friends. She finds her father's aunt most companionable, and says to her, "Aunt Barbara, you are always the same age as anybody except a baby."

*Sarah Orne Jewett*
*Through the courtesy of Little, Brown*

It is in Portsmouth, too, that Nan Prince goes to visit her aunt, in that delightful novel of Miss Jewett's "A Country Doctor." In the early chapters of the book, telling about the heroine's childhood, one feels that much personal history went into the writing. For little Nan Prince drove about the country with her uncle in just the same way in which Miss Jewett drove with her father along the country byways, seeing many a thing that must have long remained in her memory and formed the suggestion for a story in later life.

Miss Jewett lived not far from Portsmouth, in South Berwick, Maine. Of her "Country of the Pointed Firs," Miss

Willa Cather says: " 'The Pointed Firs' sketches are living things. . . . They melt into the land and the life of the land until they are not stories at all, but life itself."

New England has greatly changed since these books were written. Electric lights have taken the place of the hand lamp which Grandfather Nutter held in one hand as he read his evening newspaper. If Betty Leicester had lived today she would have had rides in automobiles through the surrounding country, but her kind heart would have gone with her into every farmhouse, and she would have had even greater opportunities for brightening the lives of her humble friends. Each generation has its own code, and it is not always easy to bridge the gulf between the present one and its predecessor. Both Mrs. Whitney and Miss Jewett have shown us how successfully this can be done. Faith Gartney and Betty Leicester have the most satisfying kind of intimacy with their great-aunts, and the unfashionable Miss Craydocke becomes one of Leslie Goldthwaite's best friends. These authors show that if it is a privilege to be young, it is also one to be old; and that to meet the coming generation half way is one of the things that makes up for many of the drawbacks of advancing years. There is a reality in what they write that is independent of time. As Havelock Ellis says: "The things that are commonly called modern today are the things that will be old-fashioned tomorrow, and if we live among eternal things there is nothing old-fashioned nor anything modern."

Books mentioned in this article:

*Louisa M. Alcott*

| | |
|---|---|
| The Little Women Series—8 Volumes | $1.50 each |
| Illustrated edition | $2.50 each |
| Little Women | |
| Little Men | |
| In the Beacon Hill Bookshelf | each $2.00 |

*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney*

| | |
|---|---|
| Faith Gartney's Girlhood | each 1.75 |
| A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life | |
| The Gayworthys | |
| We Girls | |
| The Other Girls | |
| Biddy's Episodes | |

*Lucretia P. Hale*

| | |
|---|---|
| The Peterkin Papers | 2.00 |
| The Last of the Peterkins | 1.75 |

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*

| | |
|---|---|
| The Story of a Bad Boy<br>In the Beacon Hill Bookshelf | 2.00 |

*Sarah Orne Jewett*

| | |
|---|---|
| The Country of the Pointed Firs | 1.75 |
| A Country Doctor | 1.90 |
| Betty Leicester | 1.50 |
| Betty Leicester's Christmas | 1.35 |
| Selected Works, edited by Willa S. Cather | 4.00 |

*Head and tail-piece drawings by Harold M. Brett*
*from "The Story of a Bad Boy"*
*Reproduced through the courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.*

# ADVENTURING ON BEACON HILL

By Margaret Williamson

THERE may be hours of adventurous discovery—even in Boston. You who are content to find your way about the Back Bay and the shopping district, making infrequent expeditions, when called upon to act as cicerone, to the North End via the Old State House and the Old South Meeting-House; just pause and tell what you know of Mt. Vernon Square, Bellingham Place, Acorn Street, or Smith Court. Have you never seen the view from the crest of Myrtle Street, over the drab roofs to the flashing steel of the river, and the lemon and gold of the sunset? Does the name of Louis-

*Colonial Doorway and Lamp on Mount Vernon Street*

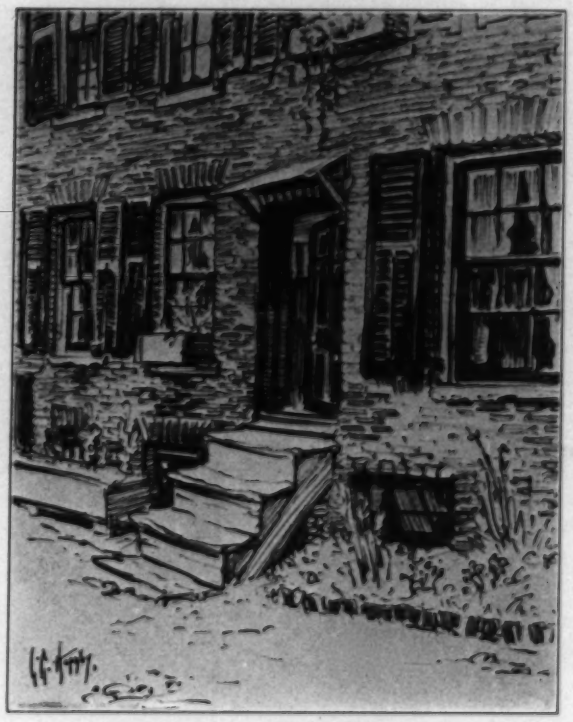
burg Square bring a memory of some Christmas Eve, so blurred by a thousand flickering candles that details of topography had no significance? Then stand, some fresh summer morning, at the top of Chestnut Street, gallantly red and green as it sweeps down to the Charles River Basin. You will understand that the Hill's fascination persists in broad daylight, a quiet fascination, perhaps, but all its own.

It was Dr. Holmes who said that "Boston has enough of England about it to make a good English Dictionary." From the beginning Boston was the most thoroughly English of any city in the new world. Governor Winthrop's colonists faithfully as unconsciously reproduced their familiar English environment. Look at their first homes, thatched; read the original place names, English; study the crooked, narrow streets—they recall those of London. And as for this English flavor, it still lingers on Beacon Hill. Those stately brick houses of Chestnut and Mt. Vernon and West Cedar Streets, with their graceful pillared porches and fan windows, their wrought-iron scrapers and lamp posts, might belong to Hampstead. It is no feat of the imagination to believe them inhabited by ladies as sedate as Jane Austen's heroines, gentlemen as debonair as those in the pages of Thackeray. Halt for a moment in Louisburg Square, bask in the sun which warms the park railing, and see it for yourself.

According to old-world standards, the traditions of this place do not reach so very far back; yet Louisburg Square is as old in legend, if not in history, as Boston itself. For here, perhaps, was the "excellent spring" referred to by William Blaxton when he invited Governor Winthrop to move his suffering colonists over from Charlestown to the peninsula where Boston was founded. The situation of that spring is still a matter of dispute. If it was not in Louisburg Square, then it might have been in Spring Lane, which runs beside the South Meeting-House; if it was not in Spring Lane, it might have been in Miss Abbie Farwell Brown's back garden in West Cedar Street. But the Louisburg Square site is as likely as any, and so we have excuse for rehearsing the experiences and the character of this picturesque "hermit settler."

In company with three or four others, William Blaxton had

come out from England in 1625 and, when Governor Winthrop and his settlers arrived, had been for some six years comfortably established on the southerly slope of Beacon Hill. Blaxton was a gentleman of parts, a graduate of Emanuel College, Cambridge, but an eccentric. A non-conformist, "detesting prelacy," yet he wore his clerical garments in the wilderness. He spent his



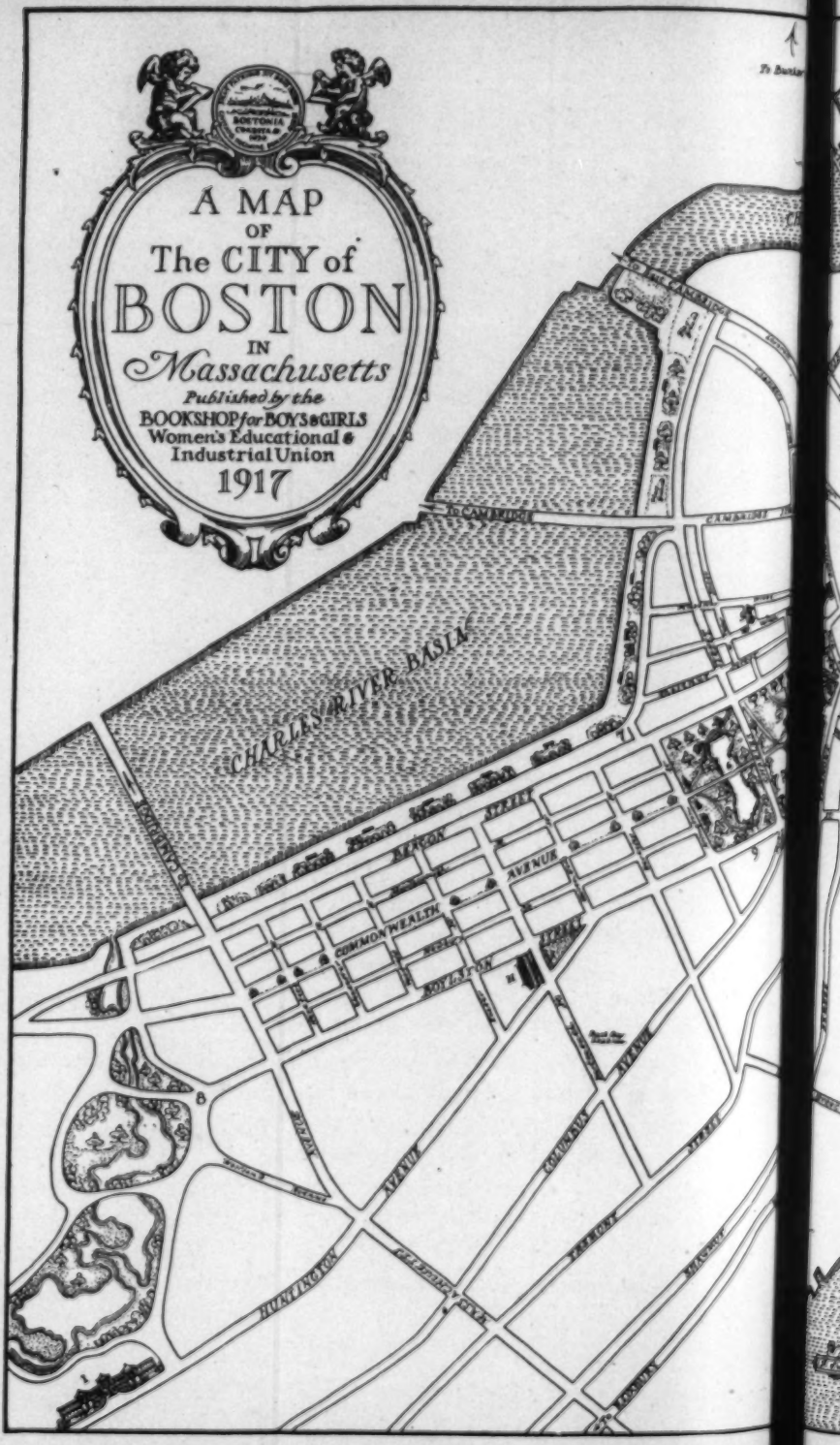
*Number 74½ Pinckney Street*

time bartering with the Indians for skins, cultivating his rose garden, and fingering the yellow pages of his calf-covered books. The story goes that he was devoted to animals and that he trained a moose-colored bull to bit and bridle and saddle. In April, 1633, the General Court of the Province granted the "training field," or "Common," to Blaxton to enjoy forever; yet the following year he sold forty-four of his fifty acres to

Governor Winthrop for one hundred and fifty dollars, reserving his homestead and surrounding orchard of six acres. The forty-four acres became Boston Common, while one hundred years later the six acres became the famous farm, owned by John Singleton Copley. We read that Blaxton's house stood a little behind the line of Beacon Street, between Charles and Spruce Streets, his territory reaching as far as, or even beyond, Louisburg Square.

Retracing your steps up the hill, you must realize that in almost every house of either Mt. Vernon or Chestnut Streets there has lived some one famed in the annals of Boston. Any guidebook will give you the information in bewildering abundance: at 59 Mt. Vernon Street lived Thomas Bailey Aldrich, though he wrote the "Bad Boy" at another home, in Pinckney Street. All Mrs. Margaret Deland's earlier works were written at 76 Mt. Vernon Street. On Chestnut Street, you will pass the homes of Francis Parkman, Edwin Booth, Richard H. Dana, Sr.; while you know—for every one knows—that in Louisburg Square lived William Dean Howells, at No. 20 Jennie Lind was married, No. 10 was the last Boston home of Louisa Alcott. Either way it is a steep climb, and you will have plenty of time to read tablets and to indulge literary reminiscences.

Back again in Beacon Street, we recall what may be considered the second stage in the history of Beacon Hill. A tablet marks the site of the Hancock House, built in 1737 by Thomas, a wealthy Boston bookseller and uncle of John Hancock, first signer of the Declaration of Independence. It was the first great house erected in this part of town, for thirty years the only one. When Madam Hancock had unexpected guests for breakfast, she sent her maids across into the Common to milk her cows; since for two hundred years after the founding of the city it was a common training field and pasture ground. As recently as 1830 Mayor Harrison Gray Otis banished the cows, because they intimidated the ladies. It is difficult to picture the days when the Hancock House and Mr. Copley's "farm" alone fronted this muddy lane which stretched down to the water, at a point above the present Charles Street; when the new State House was recently finished and the crest of


A MAP
OF
The CITY of
BOSTON
IN
Massachusetts
Published by the
BOOKSHOP for BOYS & GIRLS
Women's Educational &
Industrial Union
1917
To CAMBRIDGE
CHARLES RIVER BASIN
MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
COMMONWEALTH AVENUE
BOYLSTON STREET
HUNTINGTON AVENUE
COLUMBUS AVENUE

BOSTON
HARBOR
CHANNEL
FORT
POINT
EXPLANATION
A. Old North Church ..... 1723
B. Paul Revere's House .... 1770 - 1800
C. Faneuil Hall ..... 1763
D. Old State House ..... 1798
E. Old South Church ..... 1729
F. Kings Chapel ..... 1753
G. The State House ..... 1798
H. Boston Public Library ..... 1895
I. Museum of Fine Arts ..... 1909
1. Copp's Hill Burial Ground
2. Old Granary Burial Ground
3. The Common
4. Fort Hill Square
5. Louisburg Square
6. Public Garden
7. The Esplanade
8. The Fenway
9. The Bootshop for Boys and Girls

Beacon Hill still towered above it. It was the building of this "Bulfinch Front" that gave impetus to the development of this new quarter, through a syndicate organized by Harrison Gray Otis and Jonathan Mason. The painter Copley had gone now to live in England, and in lieu of his pastures and orchards there sprang up the streets and squares which still maintain their original Georgian dignity.

As for the nooks and corners—how to choose the ones to be included in a short walk of exploration? Off the further slope of Joy Street is historic Smith Court, which saw the organization of the New England Anti-Slavery Society. Abolition meetings were held in a shabby little hall, now a Jewish synagogue, and from there in December, 1860, Wendell Phillips was escorted home by a volunteer guard of 40 young men, armed against a threatening mob. A little court that has played its part in a national drama, but grim and unsavoury in recent years. Nowadays with "Cranford Cottage" dispensing cheer from its innermost corner, and the renewed dignity of two fine old wooden houses, Smith Court is coming again into its own.

Courts and alleys, for the most part picturesque, open unexpectedly off Revere Street. Look in at Goodwin Place, where a tiny frame house at the end is flanked by prim box trees; do not miss Bellingham Place which, like Acorn Street, that quaintest and oddest of lanes running from Willow Street pell-mell over cobblestones down to West Cedar, has a single row of diminutive dwellings. Most of the literary homes of Charles Street have disappeared, yet to students of the quarter it still speaks of Dr. Holmes, of James T. Fields, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. When the brick church at the corner of Mt. Vernon and Charles Streets was built, in the early nineteenth century, the river came up to its western side and covered Brimmer Street, lower Chestnut and Mt. Vernon Streets, and Mt. Vernon or the "hidden square." Once you have turned a sharp corner beyond the church and passed through an opening so small as almost to go unnoticed, you will discover such a quiet and green little square as involuntarily reminds of London again. It all seems very far from bleak Copley Square and the smart shops

of Boylston Street. Yet it needs only a little perseverance to seek out these obscure streets and squares, so rich in historic and literary association. The more you search, the more you will understand the way Boston grew in a fashion all its own, and why it is so lovable to those who know it best.

*The etchings by Lester Hornby are reproduced in this article through the courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.*

## A FEW BOOKS ABOUT BOSTON

*Recommended by* ALICE M. JORDAN, *Supervisor of Work with Children, Boston Public Library*

BOSTON: A GUIDE BOOK. *By Edwin M. Bacon.*

The little red volume, which slips easily into a pocket, is supplied with handy maps and excellent cuts and diagrams to make plain the path of a stranger in the tortuous streets of Boston.

Visitors will find the historical and descriptive matter authoritative, and sufficiently full for the purpose of pilgrimage.

It is more than a guide book to Boston; its scope includes the suburbs, and even points of interest on the North and South shores.

RAMBLES AROUND OLD BOSTON. *By Edwin M. Bacon.*

If you are "seeing Boston" this summer, you will want to bring back the historic past by seeking out some of the famous landmarks and quaint fragments of buildings now destroyed and forgotten. No one has known old Boston better than Edwin M. Bacon, and his rambles around "the storied town of crooked little streets" are a lure to any visitor. Lester Hornby has caught the charm in every one of his attractive drawings, with which the book is illustrated.

ROMANTIC DAYS IN OLD BOSTON. *By Mary Caroline Crawford.*

The story of the city and of its people during the nineteenth century. One of the most interesting chapters is about Boston as a literary center, in "that golden age when Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and Whittier here sang together."

BLITHE MCBRIDE. *By Beulah M. Dix.*

One hundred years before the Revolutionary War a little bound girl came from London to Puritan Boston, and from its hillside lanes she went out to the surrounding frontier settlements, braving

the strange presence of Indians and other terrors of the untried wilderness. Blithe McBride's story is bound up with that of colonial Boston.

With this may be read "Master Simon's Garden," by Cornelia Meigs, for further glimpses of the same part of New England in heroic times. Here we have a besieged Boston, punished for her revolutionary deeds.

THE BOOK OF BOSTON. *By Robert Shackleton.*

For the pilgrim who comes to Boston, today, alive to its literary and historical significance and in search for the peculiarities for which we are noted, "The Book of Boston" has much information of an entertaining, occasionally trivial nature. The author writes of the building of the Back Bay and Christmas Eve on Beacon Hill, as well as of the old North End and Faneuil Hall, seen with a visitor's eyes. Chapters on Cambridge, Salem, Plymouth and other towns are included.

A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD. *By Edward Everett Hale.*

Read Dr. Hale's memories of the little seaport city of the second quarter of the nineteenth century in order to understand some of the traditions and customs that still cling about the city of the present day. This book was written from a close and intimate knowledge of homes and people, with a whimsical appreciation of the foibles and a deep love of the ideals of the home of his early boyhood.

# SUMMER READING

## "O FOR A BOOKE"

*O for a booke and a shadie nooke,*
*eyther in-a-doore or out,*
*With the grene leaves whispering overhede,*
*or the Streete cryes all about.*
*Where I maie Reade all at my ease,*
*both of the Newe and Olde:*
*For a jollie good Booke whereon to looke,*
*is better to me than Golde.*

— ANONYMOUS.

*For an* EIGHT *year old boy or girl*

### GRASSHOPPER GREEN

Grasshopper Green is a comical chap:
He lives on the best of fare.
Bright little trousers, jacket, and cap—
These are his summer wear.
Out in the meadows he loves to go,
Playing away in the sun:
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
SUMMER'S THE TIME FOR FUN.

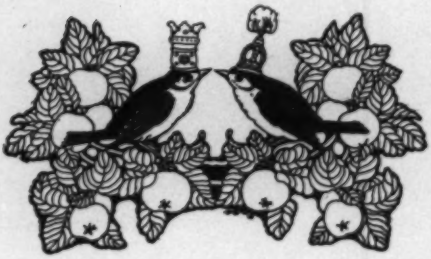
Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house:
It's under the hedge so gay,
Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,
Watches him over the way.
Gladly he's calling the children I know,
Out in the beautiful sun:
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
SUMMER'S THE TIME FOR FUN.

*Anonymous.*

| | |
|---|---|
| **IN THE DAYS OF THE GIANTS** | **Abbie Farwell Brown** |
| **KARI THE ELEPHANT** | **Dhan Gopal Mukerji** |
| **PEPPER AND SALT** | **Howard Pyle** |
| **GABRIEL AND THE HOUR BOOK** | **Evaleen Stein** |

***More Books to Choose from:***

| | |
|---|---|
| **Granny's Wonderful Chair** | **Frances Browne** |
| **The Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said** | **Padraic Colum** |
| **Uncle Zeb and His Friends** | **Edward C. Frentz** |
| **Uncle Remus: His Songs and Sayings** | **Joel Chandler Harris** |
| **Memoirs of a London Doll** | **Richard Hengist Horne** |
| **Donkey John of Toy Valley** | **Margaret Morley** |
| **Stories of the Pilgrims** | **Margaret Pumphrey** |



"'Let the Eagle and the Wren soar together. And when the Eagle outsoars the Wren it shall be proved that the Headman of Windy Gap is a catiff, and his village and every one in it shall be sold to the Saracens. . . .'

"The Eagle and the Wren rose from the same perch and soared up together. Up and up the Eagle went. 'So far my father went but I shall go farther,' said the Eagle. Higher and higher he rose. 'So far my grandfather went but I shall go farther.' Farther and farther he soared. 'So far went my great-grandfather, and no Eagle again will fly so high. . . .'

"He went to close his wings so that he might rest them as he went down. But as he did, the Wren came from under his wings.

"Up went the Wren, down went the Eagle."

*From "The Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said."*

## CHANTICLEER

Of all the birds from East to West
That tuneful are and dear,
I love that farmyard bird the best,
They call him Chanticleer.

Gold plume and copper plume,
Comb of scarlet gay:
'Tis he that scatters night and gloom,
And whistles back the day!

He is the sun's brave herald
That, ringing his blithe horn,
Calls round a world dew-pearled
The heavenly airs of morn.

O clear gold, shrill and bold!
He calls through creeping mist
The mountains from the night and cold
To rose and amethyst.

He sets the birds to singing,
And calls the flowers to rise:
The morning cometh, bringing
Sweet sleep to heavy eyes.

Gold plume and silver plume,
Comb of coral gay:
'Tis he packs off the night and gloom,
And summons home the day!

Black fear he sends it flying,
Black care he drives afar;
And creeping shadows sighing
Before the morning star.

The birds of all the forest
Have dear and pleasant cheer,
But yet I hold the rarest
The farmyard Chanticleer.

Red cock or black cock,
Gold cock or white,
The flower of all the feathered flock,
He whistles back the light!

*Katharine Tynan.*

**LADY GREEN SATIN AND HER MAID ROSETTE** — **E. Martineau Des Chesnez**

**THE WONDER BOOK AND TANGLEWOOD TALES** — **Nathaniel Hawthorne**

**THERAS AND HIS TOWN** — **Caroline D. Snedeker**

**THE WONDER CLOCK** — **Howard Pyle**

***More Books to Choose from:***

| | |
|---|---|
| **Peter and Wendy** | **James M. Barrie** |
| **Polaris: an Eskimo Dog** | **Harold Baynes** |
| **The Little Green Door** | **Mary E. W. Freeman** |
| **Ruffs and Pompons** | **Beulah King** |
| **Water Babies** | **Charles Kingsley** |
| **The Cuckoo Clock** | **Mary L. Molesworth** |
| **Merry Adventures of Robin Hood** | **Howard Pyle** |
| **The Little Count of Normandy** | **Evaleen Stein** |
| **The Magic Forest** | **Stewart Edward White** |

At last he came to where a little stream spread across the road in a shallow sheet, tinkling and sparkling as it fretted over its bed of golden gravel. Here Robin stopped, being athirst, and kneeling down, he made a cup of the palms of his hands and began to drink. On either side of the road for a long distance stood tangled thickets of bushes and young trees, and it pleased Robin's heart to hear the little birds singing therein, for it made him think of Sherwood; and it seemed as though it had been a lifetime since he had breathed the air of the woodlands. But of a sudden, as he thus stooped, drinking, something hissed past his ear and struck with a splash into the gravel and water beside him. Quick as a wink Robin sprang to his feet, and, at one bound, crossed the stream and the roadside, and plunged headlong into the thicket, without looking around, for he knew right well that this which had hissed so venomously beside his ear was a gray goose shaft, and that to tarry so much as a moment meant death.

*From "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood."*

## SAILING AT DAWN

One by one the pale stars die before the day now,
  One by one the great ships are stirring from their sleep,
Cables all are rumbling, anchors all aweigh now,
  Now the fleet's a fleet again, gliding toward the deep.
    Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound upon the old ways,
      Splendor of the past comes shining in the spray,
    Admirals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
      Souls of all the sea-dogs, lead the line today!

Far away behind us tower and town are dwindling,
  Home becomes a fair dream faded long ago:
Infinitely glorious the height of heaven is kindling,
  Infinitely desolate the shoreless sea below.
    Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound upon the old ways,
      Splendor of the past comes shining in the spray,
    Admirals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
      Souls of all the sea-dogs, lead the line today!

Once again with proud hearts we make the old surrender,
  Once again with high hearts serve the age to be;
Not for us the warm life of Earth, secure and tender,
  Ours the eternal wandering and warfare of the sea.
    Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound upon the old ways,
      Splendor of the past comes shining in the spray,
    Admirals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
      Souls of all the sea-dogs, lead the line today!

*Sir Henry Newbolt.*

| | |
|---|---|
| THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF NILS | Selma Lagerlof |
| JIM DAVIS | John Masefield |
| THE STORY OF DON QUIXOTE | Judge Parry (ed.) |
| EDNAH AND HER BROTHERS | Eliza Orne White |

*More Books to Choose from:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Juan and Juanita | Frances C. Baylor |
| Alice's Adventures in Wonderland | Lewis Carroll |
| The Wind in the Willows | Kenneth Grahame |
| Prince Jan: St. Bernard | Forrestine C. Hooker |
| The Jungle Book | Rudyard Kipling |
| Boys' King Arthur | Sidney Lanier |
| The Colonial Twins | Lucy Fitch Perkins |
| Jacqueline of the Carrier-Pigeons | Augusta H. Seaman |
| The Little Duke | Charlotte M. Yonge |

"He has noticed us! Bagheera has noticed us! All the Jungle People admire us for our skill and our cunning!" Then they began their flight; and the flight of the Monkey People through tree-land is one of the things nobody can describe. They have their regular roads and crossroads, uphills and downhills, all laid out from fifty to seventy or a hundred feet above ground, and by those they can travel even at night if necessary.

Two of the monkeys caught Mowgli under the arm and swung up with him through the treetops, twenty feet at a bound. Had they been alone they could have fled twice as fast, but the boy's weight held them back. Sick and giddy as he was, he could not help enjoying the wild rush, though glimpses of earth far below frightened him, and the terrible check and jerk at the end of the swing over nothing but empty air brought his heart between his teeth.

*From "The Jungle Book."*

## THE KING OF YELLOW BUTTERFLIES

*A Poem Game*

The King of Yellow Butterflies,
The King of Yellow Butterflies,
The King of Yellow Butterflies,
Now orders forth his men.
He says, "The time is almost here
When violets bloom again."
Adown the road the fickle rout
Goes flashing proud and bold,
Adown the road the fickle rout
Goes flashing proud and bold,
Adown the road the fickle rout
Goes flashing proud and bold.
They shiver by the shallow pools,
They shiver by the shallow pools,
They shiver by the shallow pools,
And whimper of the cold.
They drink and drink. A frail pretense!
They love to pose and preen.
Each pool is but a looking-glass,
Where their sweet wings are seen.
Each pool is but a looking-glass,
Where their sweet wings are seen.
Gentlemen adventurers! Gypsies every whit!
They live on what they steal. Their wings
By briars are frayed a bit.
Their loves are light. They have no house,
And if it rains today,
They'll climb into your cattle-shed,
They'll climb into your cattle-shed,
They'll climb into your cattle-shed,
And hide them in the hay,
And hide them in the hay,
And hide them in the hay,
And hide them in the hay.

*Vachel Lindsay.*

**MASTER SKYLARK** — **John Bennett**

**THE STORY OF ROLF AND THE VIKING'S BOW** — **Allen French**

**RACHEL AND THE SEVEN WONDERS** — **Netta Syrett**

**KAK, THE COPPER ESKIMO** — **V. Stefansson & Violet Irwin**

***More Books to Choose from:***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The Arabian Nights** | **Padraic Colum (ed.)** |
| **The Lance of Kanana** | **Harry W. French** |
| **A Boy of the Lost Crusade** | **Agnes D. Hewes** |
| **Nellie's Silver Mine** | **Helen Hunt Jackson** |
| **God's Troubadour** | **Sophie Jewett** |
| **In the Days of the Guild** | **L. Lamprey** |
| **The New Moon** | **Cornelia Meigs** |
| **Men of Iron** | **Howard Pyle** |
| **The Good Dog Book** | |

"We continued our voyage until we arrived at an island like one of the gardens of Paradise, and at that island the master of the ship brought her to anchor with us. He cast the anchor, and put forth the landing-plank, and all who were in the ship landed upon that island. They had prepared for themselves fire-pots, and they lighted the fires in them; and their occupations were various: some cooked; others washed; and others amused themselves. I was among those who were amusing themselves upon the shores of the island, and the passengers were assembled to eat and drink and play and sport.

"But while we were thus engaged, lo, the master of the ship, standing upon its side, called out with his loudest voice: 'O ye passengers, whom may God preserve! come up quickly into the ship, hasten to embark, and leave your merchandise, and flee with your lives, and save yourselves from destruction: for this apparent island, upon which ye are, is not really an island, but it is a great fish that hath become stationary in the midst of the sea, and the sand hath accumulated upon it, so that it hath become like an island, and trees have grown upon it since times of old; and when ye lighted upon it the fire, it felt the heat, and put itself in motion, and now it will descend with you into the sea, and ye will be drowned; then seek for yourselves escape before destruction, and leave the merchandise!'"

*From "The First Voyage of Es-Sindibad of the Sea" in "The Arabian Nights." Selected and edited by Padraic Colum.*

# THE GOLDEN JOURNEY TO SAMARKAND

*At the Gate of the Sun, Bagdad, in Olden Time*

THE MERCHANTS (together)

Away, for we are ready to a man!
Our camels sniff the evening and are glad.
Lead on, O master of the Caravan:
Lead on the Merchant-Princes of Bagdad.

. . . . . .

THE PILGRIMS

We are the Pilgrims, master; we shall go
Always a little further; it may be
Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow,
Across that angry or that glimmering sea.

White on a throne or guarded in a cave,
There lives a prophet who can understand
Why men were born; but surely we are brave,
Who make the golden journey to Samarkand.

. . . . . .

THE MASTER OF THE CARAVAN

Open the gate, O Watchman of the night!

THE WATCHMAN

Ho, travellers, I open. For what land
Leave you the dim-moon city of delight?

THE MERCHANTS
(with a shout)

We make the golden journey to Samarkand.

. . . . . .

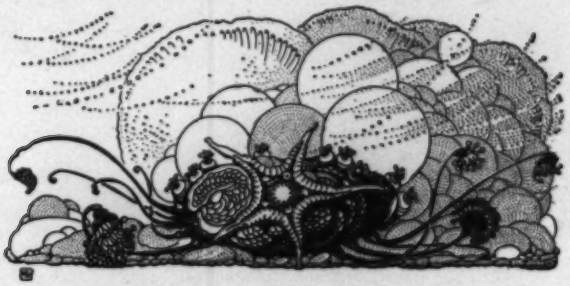
*James Elroy Flecker.*

(*The points denote the omission of various parts.*)
*The whole poem is to be found in "The Listening Child," Lucy Thacher, Editor.*

| | |
|---|---|
| **THE ISLAND OF THE MIGHTY** | **Padraic Colum** |
| **CASTLE BLAIR** | **Flora L. Shaw** |
| **THE SPARTAN** | **Caroline D. Snedeker** |
| **THE BLACK ARROW** | **Robert Louis Stevenson** |

***More Books to Choose from:***

| | |
|---|---|
| **Story of a Bad Boy** | **Thomas Bailey Aldrich** |
| **The Story of Roland** | **James Baldwin** |
| **A Prairie Rose** | **Bertha E. Bush** |
| **Captains Courageous** | **Rudyard Kipling** |
| **The Call of the Wild** | **Jack London** |
| **Bob, Son of Battle** | **Alfred Ollivant** |
| **The Children of the New Forest** | **Frederick Marryat** |
| **The Christ Story** | **A. M. Rihbany** |
| **Irish Fairy Tales** | **James Stephens** |
| **The Prince and the Pauper** | **Mark Twain** |



"I became the king of the salmon, and, with my multitudes, I ranged on the tides of the world. Green and purple distances were under me; green and gold the sunlit regions above. In these latitudes I moved through a world of amber, myself amber and gold; in those others, in a sparkle of lucent blue, I curved, lit like a living jewel; and in these again, through dusks of ebony all mazed with silver, I shot and shone, the wonder of the sea.

"I saw the monsters of the uttermost ocean go heaving by; and the long, lithe brutes that are toothed to their tails; and below, where gloom dipped down on gloom, vast living tangles that coiled and uncoiled, and lapsed down steeps and hells of the sea where even the salmon could not go.

"I knew the sea. I knew the secret caves where ocean roars to ocean; the floods that are icy cold, from which the nose of the salmon leaps back as at a sting; and the warm streams in which we rocked

and dozed and were carried forward without motion. I swam on the outermost rim of the great world, where nothing was but the great sea and the sky and the salmon; where even the wind was silent, and the water was clear as clean grey rock.

"And then, far away in the sea, I remembered Ulster, and there came on me an instant, uncontrollable anguish to be there. I turned, and through days and nights I swam tirelessly, jubilantly; with terror wakening in me, too, and a whisper through my being that I must reach Ireland or die."

*From "Irish Fairy Tales."*

*The designs are taken from "The Arabian Nights," illustrated by Eric Pape, through the courtesy of the Macmillan Company.*

# *A Shelf of* SUMMER REFERENCE BOOKS

*As I walked through my garden*
*I saw the butterfly light on a flower.*
*His wings were pink and purple:*
*He spoke a small word. . . .*
*It was Follow! . . .*

## FIELDS AND WOODS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Frank M. Chapman | Bird Life | $4.00 |
| E. M. Dunham | How to Know the Mosses | 2.50 |
| Herbert Durand | Taming the Wildings | 3.50 |
| W. J. Holland | Butterfly Guide | 1.50 |
| Harriet L. Keeler | Our Northern Shrubs and How to Identify Them | 3.00 |
| Frederic B. Loomis | Field Book of Common Rocks and Minerals | 3.50 |
| Frank E. Lutz | Field Book of Insects | 3.50 |
| F. S. Matthews | Field Book of American Wild Flowers | 3.50 |
| Chester Reed | Land Birds East of the Rockies | 1.50 |
| George Henry Tilton | Fern-Lovers' Companion | 3.00 |
| Clarence M. Weed | Butterflies Worth Knowing | 1.75 |

## THE SEASHORE

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|---|---|---|
| William Crowder | Dwellers of the Sea and Shore | $2.25 |
| F. Martin & L. T. Duncan | Wonders of the Shore | .35 |
| | Dwellers in the Rock Pools | .35 |
| Ernest Ingersoll | The Book of the Ocean | 2.50 |
| Chester Reed | Water Birds East of the Rockies | 1.50 |

*I saw little fish, the children of the sea;*
*They were gay and busy.*
*I wanted the seaweed purple; I wanted the shells;*
*I wanted the little fish to hold in my hands;*
*I wanted the big fish to stop wandering about,*
*And tell me all they knew. . . .*

*There is a star that runs very fast,*
*That goes pulling the moon*
*Through the tops of the poplars.*
*It is all in silver,*
*The tall star:*
*The moon rolls goldenly along*
*Out of breath.*
*Mr. Moon, does he make you hurry?*

## THE STARS

A. M. M. Griffith
The Stars and Their Stories $1.00

Gaylord Johnson
The Sky Movies 1.50
The Star People 1.50

William Tyler Olcott
The Book of Stars for Young People 3.00

## AMUSEMENTS

D. C. Beard
American Boys' Handy Book $3.00
The Field and Forest Handy Book 3.00
The Outdoor Handy Book 3.00

*If I am happy, and you,*
*And there are things to do,*
*It seems to be the reason*
*Of this world!*

Dorothy Canfield
What Shall We Do Now? $2.00

Jane Eayre Fryer
The Mary Frances Cook Book 2.00
The Mary Frances Housekeeper 2.00

E. V. Lucas & Elizabeth Lucas
300 Games and Pastimes 3.00

George Russell Shaw
Knots, Useful and Ornamental 2.00

The Wonder Book of Why and What 2.25

*The quotations are from "Silverhorn, the Hilda Conkling Book for Other Children."*

**These lists are obtainable for bulletin-board use in broadside form — 6 lists @ $.10 apiece.**

# ON READING ALOUD

By Anne T. Eaton
*Librarian, The Lincoln School of Teachers College, New York City*

NONE of the readers of the "Horn Book" are too old —or too young—to remember how painful it was to be told, in the days before we could read: "No, I am too busy to read to you this afternoon." Then came the time when we could take possession of the kingdom of books unaided, when we scorned the slow process of listening and wondered why we had ever liked to be read to.

And, because life is very full, and reading to one's self a much more rapid process, most people remain always at this second stage; which is a pity, for reading aloud with its slower pace and different emphasis is like adding the experience of a leisurely walk in the country to motor rides and railway journeys.

Reading aloud brings out the dramatic quality of many a short story or novel, and that without any attempt at elocution on the part of the reader. If there is humour, the sharing of it with another person, or with several, doubles the fun. "The Linge of M'sieur" in Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews' "Bob and the Guides," is always funny; read aloud, it usually brings tears of mirth. So, too, "In the Curranhilty Country," in "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M." (Somerville and Ross), with its incident of the deaf old man, the hairpins, and Miss Bennett and her escort.

Humour and fun call for an element of sociability, and anything enjoyed in common often produces a cumulative effect. I know a family who, for years before their annual summer camping trip, read aloud how "George" and "Harris" packed for their camping trip, in "Three Men in a Boat." Sometimes the laughter started at the mere sight of the familiar book cover. For a group of two or

*Montmorency and the tow-line from "Three Men in a Boat"*

three incurable camping addicts, several chapters in Charles Dudley Warner's "In the Wilderness" are calculated to produce much hilarity when read aloud—"What Some People Call Pleasure"; "Camping Out"; the more familiar, "How I Killed a Bear," and also "How Spring Came in New England."

*"Elizabeth Eliza playing on the piano, while she sat on the piazza, with the honeysuckle vines behind her."*
*—"The Peterkin Papers."*

Or, to choose a different sort of example, has any one made the acquaintance of "When We Were Very Young," without hastening to find some one to whom to read it aloud?

Most of us will never be able to acquire a singing voice or play any musical instrument, but we can use our speaking voices and our own language artistically, rather than as a clumsy instrument of communication, and reading aloud gives a feeling for rhythm, for the music of speech, and the charm of words.

To read poetry aloud needs a special mood and perhaps a special sympathy between reader and listeners; given this, an hour of poetry reading may come nearer in spirit to the gatherings on the village green to listen to the minstrel passing through the country side with his songs and his ballads, than can anything else in this matter-of-fact century.

Reading aloud is an encouragement to thoughtfulness. We are pulled up short at a difficulty instead of skimming over it, and mutual comment and discussion help to clarify our ideas. Reading aloud brings out the finer shadings of an author's meaning. In Northanger Abbey, Jane Austen's delicate and delicious satire of the sentimental romance and mystery of the novels of the Radcliffe school is doubly enjoyed when read aloud—especially if one, or a part of one of Mrs. Radcliffe's stories, say "The Mysteries of Udolpho," has been read aloud by way of introduction.

Biography offers many and varied excursions to be enjoyed in company. Such volumes as Lucas's "Life of Charles Lamb"

(see, as a sample, Lamb's and Manning's "mock Latin" on page 242, Volume 1); Edward Lear's Letters; James Russell Lowell's Letters (see "A Call on the P's," pages 86-87, Volume I); "William DeMorgan and His Wife," and many others, offer delightful bits, even if the whole book is not read.

*"I have become so fat for want of exercise that you would not know me, so I attach a portrait." — "Letters of Edward Lear."*

Essays, because of their brevity, their variety of subject matter, their style, are excellent for reading aloud, provided the authors are well chosen. If you have not read Charles Lamb's "Essays of Elia," or if you have and failed to like them, hear them read aloud by a sympathetic reader. Then you will catch a note of lyric joy, and perhaps recapture a rhythm and beauty and fancy that were lost by the assigning of them to you as a school task.

The following list suggests kinds of books that read aloud well, and all those mentioned have been enjoyed in actual experience.

*Andrews, Mrs. Mary Raymond Shipman.* BOB AND THE GUIDES $2.00

*Birmingham, G. A.* (Canon Hannay). PRISCILLA'S SPIES 1.50

*Lucas, E. V.* THE SLOWCOACH 2.00
For younger readers. Nearly everything of Lucas reads aloud well—so does Ian Hay.

*Hay, Ian.* SCALLY, THE STORY OF A PERFECT GENTLEMAN 1.25

*Hale, Lucretia.* THE PETERKIN PAPERS 2.00
For all ages when read aloud

*Jerome, J. K.* THREE MEN IN A BOAT (To Say Nothing of the Dog) 1.35

*Somerville, E.Œ and Ross, Martin.* SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH R. M. 1.75

*Warner, C. D.* IN THE WILDERNESS 1.65

*Calverley, C. S.* VERSES AND FLY LEAVES. English edition only 2s. 6d.
Some of the best parodies in verse ever written

*Milne, A. A.* WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG 2.00

*Austen, Jane.* NORTHANGER ABBEY 2.00

*Stevenson, R. L.* THE SIRE DE MALÉTROIT'S DOOR in "New Arabian Nights" $1.50 cloth. $2.00 leather

*Kipling, Rudyard.* JUST SO STORIES. $1.90 cloth. $2.25 leather
For all ages when read aloud

*"This is the picture of the Cat that Walked by Himself walking by his wild lone through the wet wild woods and waving his wild tail." — "Just So Stories."*

*Stockton, F. R.* THE QUEEN'S MUSEUM AND OTHER FANCIFUL TALES 1.75
For younger readers. Stories in other collections

*Dickens, Charles.* THE MAGIC FISHBONE 1.50

*Harris, J. C.* UNCLE REMUS, HIS SONGS AND HIS SAYINGS 2.00

*Bunner, H. C.* Short Sixes; Stories to be Read While the Candle Burns 1.75

*Aldrich, T. B.* Marjorie Daw 1.75

*Daskam, Josephine Dodge.* The Madness of Philp and Other Stories

*Kelly, Myra.* Little Citizens

*Stirling, Mrs. A. M. D. E.* William DeMorgan and His Wife 6.00

*Lucas, E. V.* Life of Charles Lamb £1, 1s.—imported

*Lowell, James Russell.* Letters; edited by Charles Eliot Norton

*Lear, Edward.* Letters to Chichester Fortescue, Lord Carlingford, and Frances, Countess Waldegrave; edited by Lady Strachey 2 Vols., $4.00

*Stevenson, R. L.* Letters; edited by Sir Sidney Colvin 4 Vols. $6.00 cloth. $8.00 leather

*Pupin, Michael.* From Immigrant to Inventor 4.00
Especially the account of his early life and his coming to America

*Wiggin, Mrs. K. D.* A Child's Journey With Dickens 1.25

*Brush, C. C.* The Colonel's Opera Cloak 2.00
An ubiquitous opera cloak plays an important part in the affairs of an impecunious and amusing Southern family

*Grahame, Kenneth.* The Wind in the Willows 1.75

*Grahame, Kenneth.* The Golden Age 1.50

*Bergengren, Ralph.* The Comforts of Home 1.00

*Lamb, Charles.* Essays of Elia. Ariel edition 2.00

# ALICE-HEIDI'S SECRETS

THIS being a visitors' number, I think it only right and proper that something should be said about my visitors. I have a great many, but I am going to tell you about just two or three of them.

*Going to Alice-Heidi's House*

First of all, there are two small boys. They have light hair, and one is just a head taller than the other. I can hear them coming from way down by the front door. They seem always to be in a good deal of a hurry, and they come running up over the stairs as fast as they can make their heavy boots go. One day I had closed my book, and was ready for them, but the oldest one took up the book and read the title on the outside, " 'Alice's—Adventures—in Wonderland' —oh! I've read that!"

"Did you like it?" I asked. My visitors and I always jump right into things. We don't stop to say "How do you do?" or to inquire about the weather. That kind of thing does not interest us.

"I liked 'The Croquet Party,' and the time Alice got stuck in the White Rabbit's house."

The smaller boy had climbed on to a chair and was looking over the shingling, and the structure of the chimney of my house. Boys who come to visit always swing the doors and rattle the latches and shut the blinds and fasten them. They also get into my living-room and examine the brick oven. I sometimes wonder if they will not get stuck the way Alice did in the White Rabbit's house. I like to have them take an interest in the upkeep of my home. One of them discovered that the window frame was sadly in need of repair, and another that the moulding in the living-room was becoming quite loose. The older boy had emptied my fruit on the living-room rug, and was piling it back again into the basket.

"Orange, apple, pear, another orange, a walnut, another

ALICE-HEIDI AWAITING VISITORS

*Drawings by Marguerite Mitchell*

pear, and a bunch of grapes. Look at this tiny little bunch of grapes! My, wouldn't some girl like this house?"

At this remark I noticed they both backed away, and for a time I thought they had entirely forgotten me, for they were handling the little bronzes of Peter Rabbit, Mrs. Tiggywinkle, and the blue-coated Benjamin Bunny that are on the table by the window. Then the younger one came back and straightened the logs in the fireplace.

*"real little pine cones!"*

"Look here!" he exclaimed, "real logs of wood and real little pine cones!"

After they have gone I always feel very much alive. They seem to bring in with them a great deal of sunshine and a fresh breeze. I sometimes wonder if when they are playing hard out-of-doors, or exploring in the woods, they may not come upon—perhaps a cluster of pine needles and shout, "This would make a hearth brush for Alice-Heidi's house!"

One day something perfectly wonderful happened. I was looking out and listening to what was going on, when I heard a hurry of small feet and a flutter of skirts, and the next moment I was swept up into the arms of a little girl.

*She rocked me in her arms*

"Why, Alice-Heidi, I do love you and I have read all of your 'Secrets.'" She rocked me a while in her arms and then set me back in my wing-chair, being particularly careful to arrange a cushion behind me.

Then followed a glorious afternoon. My new friend set my tea-table with its little pink-flowered china and big teapot and pitcher. Then she set out the toast rack and the plates of cake. We had such a nice time over our tea. We discussed—what do you suppose? not books, but clothes.

She thought my yellow silk was rather too nice for every-day wear, and went upstairs to look over my bureau drawers. She thought, perhaps, the blue organdie would be better. After tea she put away all the tea things, and then changed my dress for me. She straightened out my bureau and folded away my yellow dress so that it would be smooth and fresh for a special occasion.

*She went upstairs*

Another day we had a luncheon party together. That was very exciting. I wore my yellow dress. There we were out in the big lunch-room with a great many people around. It was a very tiring experience, so when we got back to my house, my friend undressed me and put me to bed for a while in the afternoon. She spread my clothes out neatly on a chair and opened my window, and then sat down near me and read to me. That was the most fun of all. She read "Sleeping Beauty," but I fell asleep myself, it was so quiet and her voice was so sweet to listen to.

When I woke up she had gone, but the next time she comes, I know we shall have just as good a time together. Perhaps you won't understand entirely, but living as I do in a lovely little house that everybody likes to see, I myself am sometimes quite forgotten. Everybody likes my little house, but it is most wonderful of all when somebody likes me better than my house, and I am sure this friend does.

*A Visitor*

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